

Got it Going On by Luddleston

Category: Hades (Video Game 2018)

Genre: Age Difference, Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Bottom Zag, First Time Bottoming, Gentle Sex, M/M, Morning After, almost getting caught, hot dad Achilles

Language: English

Characters: Achilles (Hades Video Game), Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Relationships: Achilles/Zagreus (Hades Video Game)

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-13

Updated: 2021-06-13

Packaged: 2022-12-19 10:54:24

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,866

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

When Zagreus doesn't want to go back to his father's house for fall break, one of his suitemates politely invites him to his dad's place for the long weekend.

The problem is, Pyrrhus' dad is hot.

Got it Going On

Author's Note:

Thank you to the pza server for encouraging me in the idea that this fic is not weird and is actually a hot idea, bc without them this passing fantasy would never have become a thing and thank you to Spriggan for looking over this for me and helping me brainstorm the sexy bits!

For an extended version of this story, including Achilles and Zag's first meeting which I cut when I decided this oughta be a PWP, look [here!](#)

"Morning, Zag, I—alright, there?"

Pyrrhus was asking him because Zagreus had startled dramatically when he heard him enter the kitchen. He should've remembered that Pyrrhus was a morning person. Oh god. How low was the neckline of this shirt? And furthermore, would Pyrrhus know who exactly this shirt *belonged to*?

"Oh, yeah. Totally fine. Just looking for your, um, sugar." He was not. The sugar was directly in front of him on the counter. He had a spoon halfway to it. Why couldn't Pyrrhus have waited until Zagreus got at least *one drink* of the coffee he'd been making so he'd maybe be marginally less stupid?

Pyrrhus' eyes flickered down to the sugar bowl and back up to Zagreus, who only shrugged. "Well, anyway. I was just going to make some cereal, if—hey, what's on your neck?"

"What do you mean?" said Zagreus, who knew exactly what Pyrrhus was talking about.

"Right there."

"Oh, *that*." Please think faster, Zagreus. Please. How did one pretend like he hadn't had his back blown out last night? "Um, definitely a hickey. Had it before break started. You wouldn't have seen it, with the, uh. Had a hoodie on yesterday, you know."

Pyrrhus nodded, seeming to accept Zag's very stupid lie. He probably did not care to think of the alternative.

The alternative, of course, was that Zagreus had fucked Pyrrhus' dad.

The truth, in fact, was that Pyrrhus' dad had fucked Zagreus.

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In Zagreus' defense, he had not been warned.

Nobody told him Pyrrhus' dad was going to be hot. When Pyrrhus said he lived with his dad, Zagreus was imagining, well, a dad. Zag's own father was terrible, face-wise, and made Zagreus very glad on the daily that he resembled his mother. At the very most, Zagreus was expecting an older version of Pyrrhus—wiry, bespectacled, with an untameable mass of ginger curls that made him look a little like a marigold had sprouted out of his head.

Achilles was none of that.

The man was *solid*, firm biceps and a broad chest, muscle that made Zagreus look scrawny in comparison. And yet, there was something elegant about him, perhaps in the softness of his voice or the subtleness of his features or the way he wore his own, equally wild curly hair, long around his shoulders. It was handsome, refined.

It was dead sexy.

Zagreus, you absolutely cannot want to fuck your friend's dad, he told himself. Pyrrhus was being extremely nice in inviting Zagreus to spend fall break with his family so that Zagreus wouldn't be stuck at his father's place. They weren't even extremely close friends, Pyrrhus was just his suitemate, which meant the biggest thing they had in common was their many complaints about Zagreus' roommate, Theseus, who had a habit of showering for far too long and singing all the while.

It was only natural, Zagreus told himself, that as one aged, one might become attracted to older men. It was the maturity, the confidence that came with knowing who you are. Maybe also the sweetness of the laugh lines around his hooded green eyes, the hint of silver at his temples. The hair on his chest.

Oh, Zagreus was screwed.

— — —

It started with Zagreus impulsively kissing Achilles and hoping it wouldn't mean he'd have to spend the rest of his break hiding from this man in shame.

Wait, no, it started with Achilles admitting that if he'd met Zagreus elsewhere, he probably would've started chatting him up.

No. Further back than that. It started with Achilles telling Zagreus he deserved a break from the paper Zagreus had been finishing up over the weekend. *"Take a moment now that you've done the first draft, lad. You'll feel better when you go back to it later."*

Achilles had suggested they watch a movie, and Zagreus tried not to read too much into the fact that Achilles sat next to him instead of on the other sofa. This one had a better view of the TV. He tried not to read too much into the way Achilles leaned over to give Zagreus his theories on the plot in a soft whisper that gave Zagreus chills. Sure, there was no reason for Achilles to keep quiet, there was nobody to disturb, but obviously he wasn't just *trying to get close*, that would be ridiculous.

Zagreus tried not to read into Achilles putting an arm around his shoulder. He wasn't actually touching Zagreus, it was just lying along the back of the couch. But it brought him close enough that, even without contact, Zagreus could feel his body heat.

He didn't consciously lean closer. But he didn't lean away when he realized what he'd done. Instead, he went with it, settling his head on Achilles' shoulder.

"Is this alright?" he asked, his voice almost inaudible over the soundtrack. He'd not paid attention to the movie in a long while.

"It is," Achilles said. "As long as you're comfortable. I... you know, Zagreus..." And this was it, this was what had hopelessly hooked him. "If we'd met somewhere else, a bar or the like, I probably would have bought you a drink." He admitted it with a smile that was as soft as it was devastatingly attractive.

"I probably would've shamelessly flirted with you in return," Zagreus admitted, tipping his chin up. He was so close, he could have tilted his head to the side and he'd be kissing Achilles' jaw. Achilles was still looking straight ahead, but his hand brushed over Zagreus' hair.

"Is this not you shamelessly flirting?" he asked.

"Oh, no, definitely not!" Zagreus laughed, readjusting himself so that his whole side was pressed up against Achilles. He settled a hand on Achilles' thigh. "I haven't even told you how handsome you are."

From his vantage, he couldn't tell whether the twist of Achilles' lips was an embarrassed grimace or an attempt to disguise a smile. "You flatter me, lad," he said, and his voice sounded warm.

"The flattery is well-deserved," Zagreus said.

"I'm not half as lovely as you are." Achilles tipped his head, his lips pressing against Zagreus' temple, and Zagreus' whole being thrummed with anticipation. He pressed his hand more firmly against Achilles' thigh. "Zagreus, I—" and then he was leaning away, looking at Zag, a pensive sort of worry on his face. "I ought not to be making these sorts of advances on you—"

And this is where things *really* got started.

Zagreus kissed him.

It was brief, close-mouthed, and Achilles went rigid through it. When Zag pulled away, he didn't want to open his eyes, desperately worried about what would be on Achilles' face. He'd fucked this all up (what part of him made him think his stupid college freshman ass would be able to seduce a grown man anyhow?) and then Achilles' hands were on his face.

"Zagreus." His thumb traced the swell of Zag's cheekbone. Zagreus dared to open his eyes, and Achilles was looking at them, his brow still creased with worry. "I do not want to make anything complicated for you."

"Because I'm friends with your son?" Zagreus asked.

"Yes, and because you are... well, young, and I worry I'll hurt you." Even as he said this, Achilles' gaze slid to Zagreus' mouth. He'd licked his lip out of nervous habit, and Achilles watched every second of this. "I can't do this unless I understand what you want."

Zagreus tried to understand what this might mean, where the invisible line Achilles seemed to be drawing lay. "Do you mean we shouldn't go all the way, or...?" He cringed, well aware of how childish that sounded. "You mean we shouldn't have sex."

"No, I—well, obviously I would not if you felt uncomfortable with it. But what I mean is, there is someone else in my life. Someone that I am devoted to."

"Oh. Well, I wasn't exactly looking for a relationship, if that's what you're worried about." He wasn't even really sure how that would *work*. Long-distance was one thing, but Zagreus didn't have a car and Achilles certainly couldn't visit him at his place, because his place was a dorm room. Although he'd like to see Theseus' face when he brought a man like that around.

"I just want you to understand that I cannot give you my heart."

"But you can give me your cock."

This made Achilles' mature, responsible facade crack. He laughed, patting Zagreus' cheek before pulling his hand away. "You know what you want, I take it."

Zagreus, never one to let go of a pun once it was within his grasp, leaned in to whisper, "actually, *I'll* be taking it."

"So you will." Heat suffused Achilles' expression, plain lust rolling across his features. Zagreus didn't know this man well, but he knew when a man was undressing him with his eyes. "May I kiss you again, Zagreus?"

"Please."

Zagreus had been kissed before. Zagreus had been kissed *like this* before, even, slow and deep, open-mouthed and wet. Nobody Zag had ever kissed had been this good at multitasking, though. Achilles' free hand reached for Zagreus' legs, urging him to unfold his knees, resting them over Achilles' lap. Zagreus was still just wearing the running shorts he'd taken the car trip from school in, and Achilles' palms over his skin were warm, callused. Zagreus kind of wanted them to be pushing his legs *apart*.

Achilles wasn't just going straight for his cock or his ass, he was patient with it, his hands stroking up and down Zagreus' back, over his hip and down the outside of his thigh while they kissed. The movie was still going in the background, but Zagreus was fairly certain the credits were rolling. They were accompanied by a loud rendition of the main theme, and Zagreus wanted to turn the volume down so that he could hear all the soft sounds Achilles made against his lips.

Thank god the stairs creaked, or Zag never would've heard Pyrrhus over the TV.

They were on opposite ends of the couch before Pyrrhus made it to the base of the stairs, although Zagreus' heart hammered in his throat—Pyrrhus could have easily seen them over the railing.

"Dad, have you seen my uh... oh! There it is." He'd been looking for his phone charger, which he unplugged from the outlet closest to where he'd

been sitting earlier. “What’re you two watching—ugh, Dad. I’m sorry, Zag, he’s got terrible taste.”

“My taste is fine,” said Achilles, looking surprisingly cool for somebody who’d just had his tongue in Zagreus’ mouth.

Zag, meanwhile, was trying to turtle-shell himself into his hoodie to hide. “Uh, gonna be honest it wasn’t my usual choice but. Um. Wasn’t entirely paying attention.”

“Reasonable of you,” Pyrrhus said, heading for the stairs and waving over his shoulder. ““Night.”

There was a heavy silence after Pyrrhus left, made all the more intense because Achilles shut off the TV.

Zagreus made a mental list of all the reasons Achilles might suddenly want to stop things here. He was on ‘realized how awkward it would be to explain to Pyrrhus later’ when Achilles set a hand on his thigh, just below the hem of his running shorts.

“If you’re still interested,” he said (uh, of course he was still interested), “come with me. We’ll be better served to continue this in my bed.”

“Oh. Yes, please,” Zagreus said, putting on his sultriest voice and then falling right the fuck off the couch when he tried to get up. Real sexy of him.

“Are you alright?” Achilles asked, while Zag bounced back to his feet.

“Fine. Totally. Meant to do that. Which way’s your bed and do I need to grab a condom from my bag or...?”

“That way, and no. I’m well-prepared,” Achilles said, leading him to the door near the foot of the stairs.

“Got a lot of hot young men coming over?” Zagreus asked, pulling the bedroom door shut behind him.

Achilles only laughed. “No. My partner is a sixteen-hour flight away, and I don’t frequently pick up anybody like you. But I like having them on hand.”

Zagreus supposed that was the mature adult thing to do, rather than running to the corner store in the middle of the night to pick some up.

Achilles was at his side again, his hand steady on Zagreus’ lower back. “I’d like to see you on my bed, if you please.” And yes, he could do that.

He yanked his hoodie off as he went, figuring it was doing him no favors, and Achilles gave him an approving once-over as he stretched out on the bed, right in the middle, on his side so he could watch Achilles rifle through the bedside table. He dropped the lube and a condom on the bed like he’d forgotten he was holding them, like there was nothing more important than joining Zag on the bed.

Zagreus propped his head up on his hand, trying his best to look alluring and probably failing, given that Achilles was laughing at him. He pressed on Zagreus’ shoulder, maneuvering him onto his back.

“Let me undress you?”

“Only if you let me do the same,” he bargained.

He was immensely distracted from any attempts to undress Achilles because Achilles knelt between Zagreus’ legs, spreading them open, and that brought a whole host of other things to pay attention to. Like the way Achilles was kissing the inside of the bend of his knee.

“I know you joked about taking me earlier, but how do you want this to go?” Achilles asked him, his opposite hand smoothing along Zag’s thigh, down over his shorts but underneath the hem when it went back up.

“I want...” He was half-tempted to pretend he knew what he was doing, that he took cock all the time—well, maybe not all the time, he was a slut, but not that much of a slut. “I’ve always said I don’t want anybody to top me unless they’re experienced. Most of the guys I know aren’t, so.”

“I might have a bit more experience than the boys at your university, yes,” Achilles teased. “I can show you the ropes.”

“I think I’d like that.”

Achilles hummed his agreement and continued his exploration of Zagreus’ legs, his mouth gentle and driving Zagreus insane because of it. He slipped his hands up Zagreus’ shirt while he did it, which was certainly an improvement, but he still moved too slowly for Zag’s taste.

“No need to squirm. I promise I’ll give you what you need,” Achilles said. His voice, always smooth and calm, had become so soothing Zagreus might have relaxed, had it not been accompanied by Achilles detouring past his cock entirely to kiss his hip.

“Achilles, please!”

“Let me make this last. Let me give you something better than all that teenage fooling around, take you nice and slow, show you how good it can be when you’re with a man who knows how to touch you, how to fuck you.”

And, well, there was no arguing with that.

He could at least speed some things up, though, so while he told Achilles exactly how much he wanted that (“oh, *fuck* yes!”) he stripped his shirt off and tossed it over the edge of the bed.

“You’re going to be a handful, aren’t you?” Achilles asked, although he seemed to appreciate the gesture, palming over Zagreus’ chest.

“You know, I’d say ‘take off my pants and you’ll see what a handful I am’ but you’ve got very big hands and I don’t have a very—*oh, yes*—“

He was stopped mid-ramble by Achilles pulling his shorts down and off, his hands firm on Zagreus’ hip to keep him from rubbing up against Achilles’ body. Honestly, he’d be mad about the lack of physical contact if he wasn’t so enthralled by the way Achilles pinned him down.

"Be still," Achilles said, "I know you can let me take care of you. There's a good lad."

He'd not frozen purposefully, but was stunned into stillness because wow, he did not expect that to be so hot.

Achilles seemed to have no concern with getting himself undressed, pressing himself against Zagreus fully-clothed, one hand on the side of Zagreus' neck, his mouth making a path down the opposite side. This was so much different than swapping hickies in someone's parked car after a football game—Zag's other hookups had known how to turn him on, but Achilles knew how to finesse him into a state of arousal he'd never experienced before.

As he kissed Zagreus, he moved against him, slow, grinding as if all he wanted was to *feel it*. His hand slid down Zagreus' chest, squeezing his pectoral, then down his side to his hip. He accompanied this touch with teeth scraping ever-so-gently along the underside of Zagreus' jaw, and Zag couldn't stop his hips from jerking forward against Achilles' body.

It would be so easy to take his clothes off. When he'd gotten back from work, Achilles had changed into simple track pants and a T-shirt that was insanely tight on him. Zag was currently trying to drag his shirt up, and Achilles was laughing against his neck, reaching for his hands.

He pushed Zagreus' hands above his head on the pillow, held both his wrists in one hand for just a second. "Keep them right there," he said, squeezing to make sure Zag got the idea. And yeah, he did, but that didn't mean he *wanted to*.

"Okay," he said anyway, and Achilles rewarded him with a kiss to his lips, thorough, dirty, but not long-lasting, before sitting back and letting Zagreus watch him pull his shirt off.

Nobody had ever given Zagreus a strip-tease before, but he'd never imagined it being so casual, the motion so easy, like Achilles was just always unreasonably sexy while taking off his clothes. Who knew, maybe he was. He was just as toned as Zagreus had been imagining while he was

telling himself he absolutely could not fuck his friend's dad, and he grinned like he knew Zagreus was looking, like he knew Zagreus liked what he saw.

Zagreus' hands twisted in the sheets to keep himself from reaching for Achilles, his whole body arching because he just had to touch *some part* of Achilles.

"You're doing so well already," Achilles murmured, hooking a thumb in the waistband of his pants, pulling them low enough to tease for just a second before abandoning the strip-tease entirely and dismounting from his position straddling Zagreus.

This was, Zagreus quickly realized, so that Achilles could spread Zagreus' legs, and more importantly, so that Achilles could take off his sweats and his underwear in one, and Zagreus finally got a full view of his body.

God, he was tempted to ask Achilles to flick on the overhead light so he could see him better, but the lamp was definitely more romantic. Predictably, his eye was drawn immediately to Achilles' cock—Zagreus had long since come to believe that a dick was a dick, there wasn't anything special about them, but Achilles' was about to be *in him*, so he'd have to forgive Zagreus if he stared a little.

"Still alright?" Achilles asked, running a soothing hand up his outer thigh, his other reaching for the bottle of lube he'd dropped on the bed.

"Oh, very. I'm—I've done this part before. Fingered myself, I mean."

"Would you be more comfortable getting yourself ready?" Achilles asked, his thumb stroking over Zagreus' lower lip, an easy feat because Zagreus was still gaping at him.

"I'd rather have your fingers in me," Zagreus said, flexing his fingers where his hands were still over his head.

A smile spread across Achilles' face, so deeply different from the sweet one he'd worn when Zagreus first arrived and Achilles had welcomed him to their home. "I'll give you what you want, then," he said.

Zagreus propped himself up on his elbows to watch the way Achilles' fingers worked, slicking lube over his first two and then stroking Zagreus' cock with his free hand while he spread him with the other. It was different than when Zagreus touched himself, in some sort of way that was currently beyond his capabilities to measure, and he groaned, his eyes rolling shut.

"Achilles, please, can I touch you while you—"

"Oh, yes, lad. Of course you may," said Achilles, like he hadn't just been telling Zag to keep his hands to himself. He graciously accepted the kiss Zagreus pulled him into, focusing on spreading him, pushing his middle finger in, making Zagreus gasp against his mouth.

It was different than touching himself, that was certain. Better, especially when accompanied with Achilles' kisses, and when Achilles did pull away it was to tell Zagreus how good he was doing, *just relax and I'll give you another*.

And he did give Zagreus another. And another, until Zagreus was rocking onto three fingers and begging for more than that, for Achilles to just fuck him, now.

"Please!" he cried again, and Achilles' fingers pulled back, but still hooked into his rim, making him feel empty and desperate for more.

"You're going to have to be quiet, Zagreus. The noise carries up that staircase," he said. His fingers traced Zagreus' lips, and another sound escaped them. "Like that, you can make all those pretty sounds, but you must keep them quiet. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes," said Zagreus, not needing to mention that he'd do just about anything for Achilles, right now.

"Alright, lad. How would you feel about riding me?" It was punctuated by another quick fuck in with his fingers, then pulling back again. This meant Zagreus struggled with words for a moment before he could answer.

"I feel very positively about that, yes."

He did not feel so positively about the part where he had to move, but he was able to pretty efficiently climb into Achilles' lap, rocking a little uselessly against his cock, not quite able to position himself so that he could take it.

"Hold still, let me situate you, here," Achilles said, reaching for his hip, helping him move so that he could get the head of Achilles' cock in him—god, it knocked all the breath out of him at once, and he wasn't even all the way down. "Doing alright?"

"Don't... *hah*... don't ask that, all smug." He tried to sit down all at once, but both Achilles' hands grasped his hips, only allowing him to drop his weight down slow, which was probably for the best. "Nngh! I'm doing *very good* right now, yeah."

Achilles' hands kept him still as he tried to rise again, too, keeping him seated, keeping him full. His cock was *hot* inside Zagreus, and bigger than it'd looked. He shifted in place, spreading his legs wider as if he could grind down harder, biting his lip to keep from making some noise that would definitely be heard upstairs.

"Just stay here for a moment, let yourself get used to the feeling," Achilles said.

"I don't think I'll ever... I mean. *God*."

"That's it, just feel it. You like it?"

He nodded, his eyes squeezed shut, hands gripping Achilles' shoulders. "I like... I like the way you feel in me. *Oh*, let me move, please!"

"Take it slow," Achilles said, leaning forward to kiss his neck again, his hands releasing Zagreus' hips to run soothing paths along his sides and back instead.

He wasn't sure he took it slow, necessarily, rocking in jerky little thrusts. He wasn't fully fucking himself, just sort of moving around to see what felt best. It all felt pretty good, so this was difficult to quantify.

One particular motion, he discovered, had Achilles' cock rubbing right up against where it always felt best, and he shuddered, collapsing forward onto Achilles, his hands bracing against Achilles' chest.

"Right there?" he asked, so soft Zagreus might not have heard him at a further distance.

"Mm, yes, right there. Achilles!"

He had to shush Zagreus again, and Zagreus employed his best attempt at muffling himself by tucking his face into the crook of Achilles' neck. The motions of his hips lengthened, fucking himself more fully on Achilles' cock, until he pulled back too far, and Achilles slipped out of him, leaving him with another round of that strange emptiness.

"Oops, I think I..." He tried to roll back down, hoping Achilles' cock would just slide back in, but it only served to grind him against Achilles instead.

"It's fine. You want me back in you?"

"Yeah, but can you maybe put me on my back again?" Zagreus asked, using the opportunity to rub himself off against Achilles' stomach. "I just think it'd be better if you... yeah."

Achilles said, "of course," so sweetly, it was quite unexpected when he bowled Zagreus over, sending him flat on his back and breathless once again.

When he fucked into Zagreus again, it wasn't faster, but it was *harder*, which had Zagreus gritting his teeth around a moan.

Achilles's movements were smoother than Zag's had been, the precise roll of his hips practiced and easy. It took him almost no time to find the angle that had Zagreus turning to mush before, and he couldn't help the way his mouth fell open, couldn't help the way every exhale turned into a heady moan.

"I'll cover your mouth if you keep doing that." Achilles said it with a smile, a tease in his voice, but it made Zagreus squirm and tense and moan *louder*.

"Yeah. Yeah, keep me quiet," Zagreus begged him. "I need you to—I can't, it feels too good!"

Achilles held himself up on one elbow while his opposite hand pressed over Zagreus' mouth, effectively silencing him except for the little noises that muffled against his palm. It wasn't over his nose, but Zagreus still felt a little breathless, dizzy with it.

"Touch yourself," Achilles instructed him, his voice still smooth and low and gentle even as he fucked into Zagreus harder with every thrust. "Get your hand around your cock, like that. I want you to come with me in you. Can you do that?"

He couldn't answer, and Achilles knew it, but he slipped his hand into the space between them, hoping it sufficed for an answer.

"God, you're still so loud even when I'm keeping you quiet like this." Achilles dropped his head so that he spoke against Zagreus' ear. There was certainly no concern that anybody would hear *him*. "I'll bet you just *scream* when you come. Or is that just when you're being fucked?"

He was nodding, but he wasn't sure what for. Just yes. He just needed to tell Achilles *yes*.

He was going to come, but jerking himself off was secondary to Achilles fucking him, still in measured, precisely aimed thrusts. He was glad, now, that Achilles had taken this so slow—it already felt like it was going to be over too soon.

He definitely screamed. Achilles' hand pressed tighter around his mouth to muffle it, and he hushed Zagreus, soft and sweet in his ear. "*That's it, lad, come for me. Good.*"

When Achilles' hand came away from his mouth, the first thing Zagreus did was suck in a desperate breath, still rocking himself back onto Achilles'

cock.

The second thing he did was kiss Achilles, sloppy and a little desperate. Achilles was laughing as he pulled away from it, and while he warned Zagreus that he was going to pull out, Zag still wasn't expecting it until it happened.

"Don't you want to...?"

"Yes." He was peeling off the condom, dropping it in the wastebin tucked away beside the bed. "Touch me, lad. *Zagreus.*"

That, he could definitely do.

Achilles tucked his face into Zagreus' neck as he stroked him off, kissing him there and biting hard enough that Zag was definitely going to have a mark come morning. He could feel the tension in Achilles' abs as he let his free hand wander over his body, and then Achilles was coming, all over Zagreus' stomach and his softened cock. He wasn't loud about it, not the way Zagreus was, but the noise he made was going to haunt Zag's wet dreams on through infinity.

They traded kisses as Achilles cleaned them up, Zagreus finding himself a little shaky and shy after the fact, although he was easily soothed by Achilles' gentle enthusiasm.

He didn't try to slip out of Achilles' bed, but he did hover a little awkwardly before burrowing under the covers with him, waiting on Achilles' "*come here, lad, I'll not send you back to the guest room.*"

He woke once to Achilles getting up to leave for work in the morning. Still dark outside, but he pressed a kiss to Zagreus' brow and promised to see him that evening before he left to return to school.

He woke again, pulled on the T-shirt Achilles had been wearing last night and his own shorts, and headed for the kitchen.

And then he remembered.

Pyrrhus.

Author's Note:

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